Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.
Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.
Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen. - - tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aspecks tongues.
Iag. Pray be content. *he kneeles.*
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer:
In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about, Iago *kneeles:*
Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice: let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorce,

What

VVhat bloody worke so euer.
Oth. I greete thy loue:
Not with vaine thankes, but with acce
And will vpon the instant put thee to't
VVithin these three dayes, let me hea
That *Cassio's* not aliue,
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her liu
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dar
Come, goe with me apart, I will with
To furnish me with some swift meane
For the faire diuell: now art thou my
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Enter Desdemonia Emilla *and t*
Des. Do you know sirra, where the
Clo. I dare not say he lies any wher
Des. VVhy man?
He is a Souldier, and for one to say
Des. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, a
and say he lies there, were to lie in my
Desd. Can you inquire him out, a
Clo, I will cathechize the world fo
And by them answer.
Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hi
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will b
Clo. To doe this is within the com
I'le attempt the doing of it.
Desd. VVhere should I loose that
Em. I know not Madam.
Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loo
Full of Crusadoes: and but my nobl
Is true of minde, and made of no such
As iealous creatures are, it were enoug
To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)